

The Bell Ringer

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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

MAY, 1980

Annual Awards

By KEVIN DRURY

At commencement this year the MBA administration and faculty honored with awards a group of deserving students. Most of the awards were the result of balloting by the entire faculty.

The highest award a senior can win, the William Martin Award given to the Best All-Around Boy in School, went to Randy Hensendon. Owen Lipscomb received the William Bailey Award for Honor, Integrity, and Loyalty in the Senior Class. The Lindsey Award for the Outstanding Athlete of the Year went to Ricky Bowers.

The Civitan Award was awarded to Warren Coleman. The DAR Award and the Optimist Award were awarded to Owen Lipscomb. All three awards are for Seniors showing outstanding citizenship.

The Lindsey Ruth Award was presented to Mark Peffen as the Junior displaying outstanding citizenship.

Having been chosen as the outstanding Junior, Anderson Spickard received the Sewanee Award. As outstanding boy in the Sophomore Class, Rich Good was awarded the Henry W. Boyd, Jr. Award. The Donald Ross Award was presented by the Alphi Chi Fraternity to John Dale for being the outstanding Freshman.

John Morrissey was chosen as the outstanding Eighth Grader and awarded The Walter Noel, Jr. Award. As outstanding Seventh Grader, Pat Rau was presented with the Francis E. Carter, Jr. Award.

The Thomas H. Malone, Jr. Award, awarded normally to one Senior for excellence in English composition, went this year to Randy Hensendon and David Puett. Don Fairbairn, the best Math-Science student in the Junior Class, won the Rensselaer Award. The Henry A. Fitts Award for Journalism went to Randy Hensendon and George Cate. David Puett and Tom Wood were given the John Morehead Dobson Memorial Award for the best sports articles. The John B. Hayes Award for study of the U.S. Constitution was presented to Steve Bruhl, Jack Coombs, Randy Hensendon, Matt Nicks, David Puett, and Greg Stroup.



Class Officers Elected

By MILES CARLSEN and GEORGE CATE

The elections for the junior and senior class officers for 1980-81 were recently held and, in some cases, had unbelievable results (just kidding).

The presidential incumbent of the junior class, Hartley Hall, remained in office to become the president of the senior class. Anderson Spickard grasped further political ascension by becoming vice-president of the senior class. The senior secretarial job was handed to Don Brothers. Chosen as senior treasurer was Ken Nichols. It has been rumored that his Steve Martin imitations almost cost him the election.

Regarding the objectives of next year's student council, Hartley Hall commented, "No comment." Anderson Spickard gave a similar, but more emphatic, retort. However, someone (who is rumored to be the editor of *The Bell Ringer*) did offer some disclosure of the student council's goals.

He commented, "We hope to improve student-faculty relations, encourage more student involvement in activities, encourage more student privileges, strive for increased joint activities with Harpeth Hall, and act as supplementary aid to the headmaster, not as a board directing administrative policies."

The junior class officers for next year are as follows: president: Rich Good; vice-president: David Briley;

secretary: Hale Hooper; treasurer: Kevin Drury.

When asked about the intention of the junior class officers, Drury responded, "We want to help Hartley and all the boys in any way we can."

Elected officers of the sophomore class were Todd Helen, president; George Smith, vice-president; John Dale, secretary; and David Maddox, treasurer. Election for the freshman officers will be conducted next year.

Debaters Qualify for Nationals

By GEORGE CATE

The MBA forensics team continues its eight year tradition of sending speech contestants to the National Final tournament, having qualified four MBA students for the national competition to be held this summer.

Joe Calvin, George Cate, Greg Stroup, and Walt Silva have earned the right to participate in the National Forensics League tournament in Huntsville during June 15-21.

The national tournament consists of students from all parts of the nation who represent the best competitors in their areas.

Qualification for the tournament requires a district or state victory in the student's respective events.

Bondurant Makes Plans for Future

By GEORGE CATE

In a recent interview with *The Bell Ringer*, Mr. Bondurant reflected upon his first year as "one of the happiest years of my life in allowing me to get to know the students, parents, faculty, trustees, and alumni of MBA personally."

He commented, "I have enjoyed being a part of the spirit and enthusiasm of the student body and all people involved in the system."

When asked to identify the most impressive feature of MBA, Mr. Bondurant said, "The closeness of faculty and students is very significant." He further observed that "the expectation for excellence has helped bring about an environment in which excellence is expected not the exceptional norm."

Mr. Bondurant noted that he is most personally impressed with "the quality of the people involved in the success of the system—students, parents, faculty, as well as the trustees and alumni."

When asked about the purpose of the current reexamination of MBA's philosophy, Mr. Bondurant said

that the initial reason for the reevaluation is the ten-year process of re-accreditation by all accredited schools in our area.

"The process involves an internal self-study of MBA's philosophy, objectives, and total program and a visit by a committee to evaluate the effectiveness of the self-study," Mr. Bondurant said. "MBA's visit is set for the fall of 1981."

"The first step in that evaluation has been the review of MBA's philosophy executed by the philosophy committee composed of students, faculty, parents, and trustees and chaired by Dr. Crowell."

Mr. Bondurant revealed, "We will be working on ways to achieve the philosophy this summer."

"In the fall, we will start studying the community in which we operate and the scholastic curriculum with input from all constituents of the school, a study which will be a growing process."

Mr. Bondurant did observe some of MBA's needs at this point. He said, "We have very definite physical needs. One thing we need is to bring together the administrative officers in the Ball Building."

"Students and faculty agree that additional athletic space is very high in order of needs, as well as the renovation of the Science Building. The problems now are waiting for economic feasibility." He did point out that "the trustees are very carefully studying the problem areas."

Regarding the needs of the junior school, Mr. Bondurant said, "A somewhat revised junior school curriculum is planned for next year."

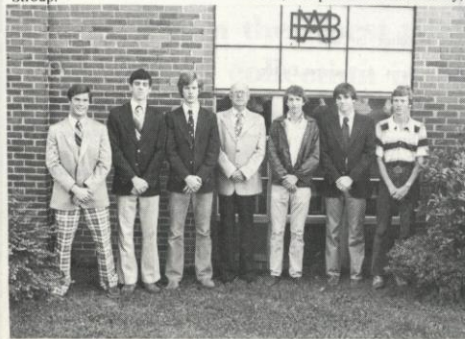
We have in mind certain modifications such as modular scheduling for extended periods of study of the sciences and the possibility of eighth graders moving from class to class."

MBA has enjoyed expanded cultural exchanges with Harpeth Hall this year. Mr. Bondurant commented, "I have been pleased with the growth in the area of the arts, a growth culminating in the Harpeth Hall-MBA arts festival."

Concerning future expansion of the art program, he said, "I want more assemblies in which artists are a part and more art class activities next year." He continued, "There are opportunities for art combinations with St. Cecilia and Harpeth Hall next year."

With special attention given to other extra-curricular expansion, Mr. Bondurant said that he hopes that MBA can do more to make MBA a center of activity on the weekends. "I hope we can plan more dances and maybe Sunday afternoon openings of the gym during the winter."

When asked about his opinion of MBA's athletic program, Mr. Bondurant said, "I have been very impressed with our enthusiastic support of the athletic teams



1979 and 1980 Totomoi inductees: Owen Lipscomb, Steve Hall, Scott Campbell, Mr. Novak, George Cate, Randy Hensendon, and Don Fairbairn.

Totomoi Taps Four

By ROBERT COONEY

On Friday, May 9, the spring tapping for Totomoi was held during assembly.

Totomoi, MBA's honorary fraternity, represents the highest honor a student can receive. Induction into Totomoi is based on a point system which reflects involvement in these areas: athletics, academics, student government, debate and dramatics, publications and citizenship. A student who shows exceptional involvement in at least three areas becomes eligible for membership. Additionally, faculty and staff and friends of the school may be admitted to Totomoi in recognition of significant service and devotion to the school.

During the spring tapping, senior George Cate, juniors Don Fairbairn

and Mike Anderson, and faculty member Mr. Frank Novak were inducted.

Mr. Novak became the third member of the faculty or staff to be included in Totomoi, joining Mrs. Lowry and Miss Liles. Mr. Novak was inducted into Totomoi in recognition of his 21 years of service to the school as a teacher, a coach and a friend to many students.

With their induction Mike Anderson and Don Fairbairn become the first members of Totomoi from the class of 1981. George Cate joins Scott Campbell, Bill Galloway, Owen Lipscomb, and Steve Hall, who were inducted earlier this year and Randy Hensendon, tapped last spring as the Totomoi members from this year's graduating class.

Continued on page 2

Henderson Comments on Honor System

By RANDY HENDERSON

Having been president of the Honor Council for one year, I have come to one conclusion. No matter how much the president of the Honor Council preaches the virtues of honesty, no matter how harsh the penalties may be for violating the honor code, and no matter how hard the faculty fights to make the system work, an honor system will not be a conceivable code of behavior unless the student body takes it to heart. If students will not realize that the whole concept of the system centers around their betterment as individuals and their development into responsible adults, then the system loses all meaning. If students refuse to take pride in their school, their work, and their integrity, they cannot make an honor system work. Perhaps it is asking too much of students to support a system of ideals by which the adult world existing outside of MBA could never hope to live. Perhaps the standards are too high and too demanding. Personally, I feel that few standards are too high to be met by MBA students.

After a year of dealing with people who have cheated on tests, or lied to teachers, or copied someone else's homework, I have obviously become a bit discouraged. At one point in the year with the help of several other students, I taped student opinions of the Honor Council. The tapes revealed that students believed cheating was commonplace on

campus. Perhaps worse, the tapes revealed that the junior school fears the Honor Council as if it were the plague. Many students indicated that the Honor Council's "presence" was not felt on campus. Students pointed out that Honor Council members were usually in honors classes and few were in classes where most of the cheating occurs. Finally and happily, a large number also indicated they were pleased with the system and its workings. The tapes indicated a sense of care for MBA and concern for the Honor System. The suggestions and comments were heeded this year and will be hopefully heeded in the future.

I have painted a relatively bleak picture of the Honor Council and the Honor System because I believe there is an urgent need that the student body accept both as a part of themselves. Almost every student at MBA believes the Honor System is a good idea, but an alarmingly smaller percentage is actually willing to turn in their fellow students. This year's Honor Council has done a conscientious job in dealing with cases, people, and letters home; but I believe this has always been true of the Honor Council. Within the next few years, the student body must demonstrate its true support for the Honor System or realize the hypocrisy of living by a system which exists only on paper. After a year on the Honor Council, I still feel that MBA students have and will succeed in adopting the system created for them.



Hartley Hall, President of the Junior Class, addresses seniors at the Senior Banquet.



Tim Warnock and Carroll Hinshaw, two of the studs at the MBA Prom.

Students Place in Academic Contests

By DAVID FELTS

This year, MBA students once again distinguished themselves by performing excellently in the math and French contests.

The National Spanish Contest was not given this year because of the death of the administrator and producer of the test. In the National Math Contest, Bobby Khan placed first in the school and eighth in the state with a score of 90. The State Math Contest is broken down into six divisions: advanced topics, comprehensive, algebra II, geometry, and algebra I. In the advanced topics division, George Chij placed first in the testing center with a score of 142. Joe Knight was third with a 124. Scott Campbell was fourth with a 121. Andy Nelson, Warren Coleman, and Philip Altenberg placed seventh, eighth and ninth respectively. In the comprehensive division, Jeff Erickson won the state with a score of 180. Montie Davis placed fifth in the testing center with a 126, and Carlisle Herron placed sixth with a 115. Don Fairbairn (ninth) and Wes Roberts (tenth) rounded out the top ten. In algebra II, Matt Carroll was the only MBA student to place in the top ten at the test center, placing seventh with a 96. In geometry, Steve Stephens (137) and Scott Haynes (136) placed sixth and seventh. Jim Brown completed the top ten with a 127. In algebra I, Steve Altmeier and Mark Finks tied for fourth with scores of 122. Richard Brown placed eighth with a 105.

The French students also performed admirably in the National French Contest. In division OIA, Ted Carver placed fifth in the state. In IB, Jeff Erickson placed first, Thomas Warren second, and Johy Ryer third. John Dale and Andrew McAllister tied for fourth, and John Weisiger placed fifth. In IIB, Page Garrett placed second, Mabo Kono placed third, and Steve Anderson and Mark Garfinkle tied for fourth. In division III, Montie Davis placed third and Steve Hall placed fourth. In division IV, Josh May placed second and Mark Smith placed seventh. Three students placed in the Region which comprises eight states: Jeff Erickson placed fifth in IB, Page Garrett placed fourth in IIB, and Mabo Kono placed fifth in IIB.

Bondurant Plans for Future

originated in the student body and with the extreme loyalty of the alumni.

He did observe that MBA "needs to address the problem of some form of physical activity for those not involved in competitive athletics."

Commenting upon the problem of student demerits, Mr. Bondurant said, "We are chiefly addressing ourselves to the demerits at the junior school level, since the students in the junior school get so many demerits and since the root of the

demerit problem is created there." "I don't favor a negative system," said Mr. Bondurant. "But until a better system comes, we need the demerit system."

Regarding possible modifications in the demerit system, he said, "I hope we can get more input from student leaders. In the junior school, moving students from class to class will hopefully alleviate the situation."

MBA Prom Best Yet

By CARLISLE HERRON

The fourth annual MBA Prom on May 3rd provided an entertaining evening for all those who attended the Junior Class sponsored event.

The Junior Class sold candy bars in order to raise money for the Prom. The major expense was the band, "Cruise Control," which played everything from the Beatles' "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" to recent hits such as "Ride Like the Wind." Students enjoyed the music from 7:30 to 11:30. During this time, students could have pictures made, dance to the music, enjoy the refreshments, or sit at card tables and chat with friends.

The presentation of the Seniors began at 8:30. Pictures were taken of the Seniors and their dates as the couples stood in front of the background of a large mansion in the country. The Seniors also enjoyed a new aspect of the Prom this year: the Senior Banquet held at Belmont College before the dance. The Junior Class financed most of the banquet for the Seniors.

Several of the Seniors showed their sophistication as they were presented in coat tails, top hats, and canes. Another highlight of the night was a very short surprise visit by Chuck "DJ" Ford near the end of the dance.

After the dance, breakfasts were held by the classes to provide food for all those who had worked up a hunger on the dance floor. Faculty members serving as chaperones insured reasonable behavior as students, teachers, and parents all enjoyed a well-planned evening at this year's MBA Prom.

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College Choices for Class of 1980

Vanderbilt (17)	Rucker Betty Watt Crockett Jim Edwards Andy Gill Bill Herbert John Hollins	South Carolina (1) Frank Giardina
Thompson Brown Pat Burns Scott Campbell Warren Coleman Christian Curry Rob Daugherty Harold DeBlanc Steve Gibbs Steve Hall John Hargrove Joe Hymel Jim Johnson Morris Lewis Alex Mitchell Matt Nicks Michael Salyer Tim Warnock	Sewanee (5) Jim Grisco Art Hancock Owen Lipscomb Tom Moore David Pack	Indiana (1) Chip Grimes Georgia (1) Chris Hannon Tennessee Tech (1) Barry Heller Princeton (1) Randy Henderson
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Phillip Altenbern Damon Anagnos George Cate Chris Hill Mark Smith Blake Strayhorn Greg Stroup Chris Whitson	Tennessee (3) Doug Derryberry David Molesworth Jeff Robinson Belmont (2) Steve Bruhl Glen Swor Southwestern (2) Jack Coombs Rusty McDonald Pennsylvania (2) Jay Hardcastle Mark Kaplan Georgia Tech (2) Tim Ayers Robert Jones Davidson (2) Joe Calvin Sloan Warner Lipscomb (1) Rick Bowers SMU (1) Bob Calton Rice (1) George Cheij Williams (1) Bill Galloway	
Auburn (6)		

Journey Concert Provides Spectacular Experience

By TOM WOOD

The Journey experience was, in a word, spectacular. It featured the best sound system I have ever heard in a concert. Such a system is a prerequisite for fully showcasing the virtuosity of vocalist Steve Perry, drummer Steve Smith, and guitarist Neil Schon, three of the best in the rock world at their specialties.

The Babys, from London, opened the show with "Back on my Feet Again," which is recorded on their new album, *Union Jacks*. The group

sounded infinitely better than they had in February of 1979 when they opened for a Styx concert. They performed several songs that have received airplay at one time or another, including "Midnight Rendez-vous," "Head First," and "Every Time I Think of You."

After the intermission, the lights went down in the auditorium again, the background music began, and the winged Departure logo, glowing in the yellow spotlights, floated up behind the empty stage.

Suddenly, the middle of the stage opened to reveal a stairway and a blinding white light, through which charged the five members of Journey. The background music gave way to "Where Were You," and the crowd, now in a thoroughly festive mood, roared with approval.

The band performed virtually all of their best material, including "Dixie Highway," which, although it receives little airplay, was definitely

pleasing to the crowd. "Lights" and, of course, "Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'," were flawless examples of Journey's mastery of music.

Probably the highlight of the show, however, was the group's rendition of "Feeling that Way-Anytime," which demonstrated the unique quality of Perry's vocals and the harmony of the band as a whole. "Wheel in the Sky" was also terrific, as it ended in a frenzied drum solo by Steve Smith before the band went into "Any Way You Want It."

Nashville showed its appreciation of the great talent by vociferously demanding an encore. Journey reemerged from beneath the stage, showcasing Neil Schon with some of the fastest guitar work this side of Jimmy Page in "Patiently." After that song, the group went into "Line of Fire" before finally being allowed to descend into the stage by the satisfied crowd.



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Everett Holzapfel



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Seniors' Last Wills and Testaments

I, Phillip Altenbern, being of fuzzy-head and hairy body do hereby bequeath the following: all complaints from the teachers and students to Hartley Hall, no matter what your decision may be; an honorary diploma for Johnny Wagster, seeing that he has now completed six years on the Hill; many skiing sessions for the new Seniors, to Kevin Males the ability to jump offides on the only play he was in the game; a face to Alan Carden; a gut to Slick; my bald spot to Dr. Crowell; frisbees and skateboards to Garrett Fulton along with his own greenhouse; a lifetime supply of pizzas to Johnny and Duke; the daily ALD to Johnny and himself; a self-propelled discus to Dr. Pruitt; and happiness to whoever can find it.

I, Damon Anagnos, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath: a tube of Brylcreem to Disco Tony Klausner; a copy of "Call Me Mr. Bench, Because I Am" to Kelly Shackelford; to Doc Fairbairn, unlimited travel on the Metro Bus system and a prayer for no rain during football games; to Mr. Smith, lots of green grass to direct alumni relations on; specifically, I leave to Coach Gideon much needed help in the frustrating world of history. After four years, I leave the hill with the hope that people will stop mistaking Mr. Drake for a 7th grader in a suit, and Slick for a pine sapling, and finally I leave with the hope that Hartley and the juniors will accept the "flash" on the horizon.

I, Tim Ayers, do hereby leave the following: a home permanent kit to Trey McPherson so that he may continue his provocative hairstyle; a large, scowling crow to serve as library mascot; a ticket to the Indy 500 to Jody Calvin; a slick rubber glove to Jimmy Moyers; a copy of "A Moron's Guide to Cars" to Adam Freeman; the congenial manners of Bill Galloway to anyone who wants to feel insecure; a copy of "A Perfect Image and How to Keep It" to our school leaders; Mr. Compton's math class after three years of swimming; my spot on the rifle team to anyone who can fill it; and finally, an awareness of reality to anyone who can see beyond West Nashville.

I, Rucker Betty, being of unstable mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Poston, I leave my academic scholarship to Belmont, Chip Grimes to do all my talking, and a set of tires for his van; to Dr. Crowell, I leave my many laughs and Danny De Blanc; to future Auburnites, I leave the famous but dreaded "Darvoe's Syndrome"; to David Edwards, I laughingly leave his brother's handsome belly; to Brad McKinney, Alex Grimsley, John Hitt, and Scott Haynes, I leave four shotguns to fight off the bears and the Indians on the long trip to and from school; and last but not least, I leave MBA and Nashville to learn how to be called a "Tiger," "War Eagle," and a "Plainsman" all at the same time.

I, Richard Henry Bowers, leave behind seven years of MBA's six years of education. I leave coach James Jefferson a key to Mr. Smith's tractor so he can quickly react to Clyde's command. I leave Coach John Bennett a Gus Furniture chair with wheels. To Coach Owen,

I leave some "Firm Grip" for whoever returns the second half kick-off in the Clinic Bowl. To Kris Klausner I leave a block so that he can hang from the bar before football practice. To Scott Tune I leave nothing because his dad has already bought him everything. To Anderson Spickard I leave my record 32 shot attempts in a single game. To Mrs. Hollins, for her lack of air, due to smoking, I leave Tom Moore's nose. Ha Ha Ha. To Wade Smith I leave a muzzle so he can keep his tongue in his mouth when he runs. Finally, I leave Kris Klausner a mold of my teeth so that he can scare off any oncoming linemen.

P.S. I leave the word "Piff" to those who think they are superior to man.

I, Pat Burns, do leave: to Ian Jones, a complete book on how to take a bicycle kick; to Adam Wieck, his own soccer cleats; to Joe Bryan, some manners and a date; to Dr. Crowell, a book on cruel and unusual punishments including a complete chapter on ships and chains; to Mr. Lanier, three brand new red and white Mitre soccer balls; to Rob Lineberger, a different laugh; to Mr. Drake, confidence in his teaching abilities; and to the rising seniors, lots of fun with Mrs. Lowry.

I, Stephen Paul Bruhl, do hereby bequeath to anybody who wants them, the remnants of the yellow bug; to M.S., Joe's little gifts around my amp; to Jody Lentz, a can of Ernie Ball's Slinkys; and to all who will listen, one piece of advice: your senior year ain't as easy as everybody says it is.

I, Bob Calton, do hereby bequeath the following: to Kris Klausner I leave a step ladder so that he may reach his clothes in his gym locker; to Flash, "The Prom Prohibition Act of 1980"; to David Miller, I leave a copy of the book **How to Pick Up Girls** by Chris Hannon; to Chris Sliva and Mr. Bennett a copy of my book **Sportsmanship Winning Basketball**; 5th period lunch detail to anyone with a strong enough stomach to handle it; my questionable speed and my official blue and orange reflective track shoes to Ernest "Floyd" Franklin and Billy Joel Slaton; and after six years do finally leave "the Hill" with the relieved but sad feeling that it is all over.

I, Joe Calvin, being of mind and body, do hereby declare this my most recent will with the following charges: I bequeath to Mr. Drake the sum of 100,000 dollars toward the financing of his autobiography **God, I'm Humble!**; to Mrs. Hollins, **Dealing With Stupidity**; to Mrs. Lowry, **Erratic and Erotic Sayings**; to Scott Greer, a year's supply of Clairol Hair Color; to Scott Campbell, an automatic hair groomer; to Greg Stroup, the book **Limits to Growth**; to Bill Galloway, **The History of Law Hurling at MBA**; to Dr. Skena, **Proper Hair Maintenance**; and **Illusions of Grandeur**; to George Muskrat Cate, the book **Hey, Eat Some of This** and a chocolate éclair; to MBA, the bulk of my weight, accent, and intelligence.

I, Scott Campbell, being of sound body and, at times, sound mind, do

hereby leave: to Scott Greer, a larger waistline measurement for his pants and a mailbox to enable him to repay any of his outstanding debts; to Rich Good, the enthralling novel **Joys of French Women**; my uncanny ability to forget not being on the privilege list to any rising senior foolish enough to attempt its use; and finally to Mr. Michael Drake, as much respect as any man can muster.

I, George Cate, being of sound mind and body, do hereby proclaim my last will and testament. To Dr. Skena, I leave a pair of flippers and the karate guide **How to Protect Your Vulnerable Hair**. To Scott Greer, I leave my various athletic excuses and the book **Champagne isn't for Boys**. To Miles Carlson, I leave the guide **How to Lose a Fast Woman**; to Greg Carlson, I leave the guide **How to Find a Fast Woman**.

To Mr. Herring, I leave Mr. Drake's book **How to Be the World's Greatest History Teacher**. To Mr. Womack, I leave a frisbee, a monkey, and a tin cup. To Matt Cassel, I leave Don Fairbairn. To Joe Fat Lard Calvin, I leave an empty Audi car seat, a buck, and a one-way ticket to St. Petersburg. To Warner Alpo Coleman, I leave a drawer full of fishing trip I.O.U.'s, and a Yankee answer. To Steve Howell, I leave my free all-night pass to Ed Brown's house. To Dr. Fairbairn, I leave Mr. Doyle's (R.I.P.) book, **Dressing Right**. To Jim Harrison, I leave a golden pool stick and a broken ping pong paddle. I leave Craig Franklin, knowing that I was wrong when I thought that there is a woman for every man and hoping that Darwin's theory of evolution is true (sorry, Dr. Niemeyer). To Allen Carden, I bequeath Doug Derryberry's **Guide to Success**. To George Kral, I leave Sieve Gibbs' space suit. To Phil Moyers, I leave Jim Moyers' reputation. To Scott Campbell, I leave two bits and a family of gerbils.

To Dr. Niemeyer, because of my forensic expertise, I leave the handbook **Winning Impossible Arguments** and a whip and chain; I also leave Dr. Niemeyer my thanks for teaching me how to be brash like a swashbuckler. To Mr. Edwards, I leave my mind for hypnotic purposes and the book **How to be Secretly a Dirty Ole Man**. To the school, I leave a new window, my footprints on the library, and the new senior class of 1980 Memorial Frisbee Field. I leave David Peterseim a deck of cards and an unfinished (in fact, not started) date list for W.C. Finally, I leave Wyatt Wells wondering why he settled for a salamander (Burl, Andy May).

I, George Nicolas Cheji, the first, being of whatever it is I am to be, do hereby bequeath the following items to the following persons following my leave: to Doctor Fairbairn, Mr. Complex's new book **How to Explain Simple Mathematical Problems in 2000 Words or More** plus a year's supply of EUs (Energy Uppers) for the 5th period, after lunch, doldrum lectures; to Ted Carver, a decent motel room for class trips and a bottle of Head and Shoulders; to Matt Doloff, the comforting thought that Morris Lewis will still be in town, right guy! Only for chess games of course; to Bobby Khan, a backgammon set for future bets; to Andrew Watts, my voice; to Dan the Man, a diver dam suit; to Charlie EUGENE Collins

and Phil Moyers, I leave two junior John, tough-guy suits bearing the Superman emblem; to Mr. Caldwell, a future geometry class; to Mrs. Lowry, a new copier for next year's ditto flood; to Mr. Drake, our mutual companion, whom I must leave in the pursuit of academics; to Mrs. Simmons, sanity and a police baton to enforce the Old Guard Codes of Library Silence and No-Coats; to the juniors, I leave the senior-frisbee field for further wear, tear, and blood-spilling; to all young freshmen, the skip step; for the history room of The Prison, I leave my pair of white shoes so that all may know I was there. And to all, especially those mentioned here, I leave the sense of humor necessary to realize that all I say is meant only in jest and not to be taken personally. Good-bye dear school, I shall remember thee well.

I, Warren Coleman, hereby relinquish my role as class historian of our Southern heritage. To Mrs. Bowen, I leave a leather bound, gold-embroidered English rule book and many thanks for getting me through bootcamp. I present Mr. Novak with 1000 sludge solutions and a written order to get my brother to the beach and for him to see shoestring people. I give to Mr. Drake my own fifteen-volume set of **If the South Had Won the War** for him to use in teaching future American history classes. To Rusty McDonald, I leave the book **Common Colloquial Expressions, So to Speak**. I present Josh May with a 180 gram, super deluxe, glow-in-the-night, machine-balanced, lead-alloy-center frisbee autographed by the great George Cate. Yet most importantly, I leave MBA with a great sense of satisfaction and with an amazement at how fast my six years here went by.

I, Walt Crockett, hereby leave: to Mark Garfinkle, all the Brillo Pads he can find to keep his hair intact, and I wish him the best of luck with Woodstock; next year, Michael Scot, let your heart out; to Mike Hutcherson, a cage full of Dr. Crowell's "Norwegian rats"; to Scott "Ricky" Richardson, twelve mugs of foamy lemonade for next year's steeplechase, twelve pounds of my newly acquired blubber to keep him from "fishing" next year; to Garrett Fulton, "you had best not wreck that new car of yours"; to Bill Claunch, a rubber suit, a can of Gatorade next season, a new pair of space shoes, "say hello to grandma"; to Kevin Duffey, a wish to carry on the porch ball tradition; to Kent Rollins, Coach Lenahan as a wrestling partner next year and anyone else brave enough to mess with ya; to Terry Cashion, my sister; Don Brothers to Alpha Chi or Alpha Chi to him whichever the case may be; to Dr. Crowell, a strong, foul-smelling, yellow and purple, sexy, full of physics spirit, buck toothed barracuda; to Johnny Wagster and Hartley Hall, a hotel room in Chattanooga Read House complete with a pyramid of —cans

I, Christian Brownley Curry, being of sound mind and judgment, bequeath the following: the hope that Joe Bryan will not receive an invitation to the senior party; to Mr. Caldwell, my statement "Shoot him," concerning a mathematician; to Blake, a shovel and a bucket to clean

the Adams' driveway; the hope that someday Allen Carden will ask a smart question; the hope that the mouseman still lives; to "Disco" Herring, I leave my detailed notes, my blackboard, my unfair tests, a copy of "Saturday Night Fever" by the Bee Gees, and a Webster's pronunciation book; to those sick seniors on the eve of May 31st, coffee and alka-seltzer.

I, Joseph Coughlan Davis, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave MBA knowing that I have barely survived. I leave to Garrett Fulton my regard for training rules. To Scott Haynes, I leave my kicking ability which is only 1-151 of what he needs. To Jody Lentz, I leave my love for 1st period and its pitchfork. To Coach Gideon, I leave my valuable history notes. To Coach Williams, I leave Armies; to Jim Tully, I leave a case of cokes, a quart of 7-Ups, our late night study sessions, and my driving ability. To Mr. Poston, I leave my regrets for the unfair treatment you received. To Danny DeBlanc, I leave my tennis racket so that he might use it to beat MBA next time he plays them. Finally to Gordon and Harold, I leave my jug of fruiticles and my prom that ended before most began. I leave happily, thankfully, and knowing that I have survived.

I, Robert Davidson Daugherty, being of sound mind and mediocre body do hereby leave my remarkable ability to be mugged to Miles Carlson (ask him about it). To Kevin Drury, I leave a lifetime supply of Valium. To John Turner, a year's supply of Dexatrim. To Ed Brown, I leave a copy of **Pulling Your Own (and Everyone Else's) Strings** and **It's Lonely at the Top**. To Jay Hardcastle, I leave a copy of the sequel to **Gone With the Wind**. To Jim Edwards, I leave a copy of his own life story entitled **How I Became the Democratic Mascot**. To Davie Edwards, I present a Golden Medal of Achievement for his notturning out like his brother. And finally, to Mr. Bondurant, I leave one Good Friday Pass to McCab's Golf Course and a copy of **The Bible Belt Directory of Every Minister, Preacher, Reverend, Evangelist, and Choir Available for Assembly Programs** collected by partners Bill Wade and Ernest Angeley.

I, Harold Joseph De Blanc III, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jimbo Tully, all the religious debates he can handle (not too many; to Scotty Wallace, my sister, a pack of gum, and driving privileges; to Dr. Crowell and next year's class of maniacs, all my common sense and responsiveness; to Mr. Poston and next year's tennis team, good luck; to "Disco" Herring, my beloved history book and notes (also a pair of silver silk dancing pants and a free night at "Flanagins"); to Mrs. Hariman, demerits; to Scott Tune, Anderson Spickard, and Dr. Crowell each other; to Mark Peffen a jock; to Michael Gross, advice on how to avoid being hit from behind by the lowly Ryan "blanks"; to Mr. Caldwell, 50 pi. tests; to Garrett Fulton, all hit and runs; to Rick Carter, a once-in-a-lifetime experience; to Garrett and Emily, sanity; to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, a New Year's Eve Party; to Mr. Drake, a pie in the face and also my

Christmas present (coasters) which I never received; to Anderson Roe, a "bush"; to Shawn Gentry, two more years of fun; to Mr. Edwards, "Judy, Judy, Judy's" slices, dices, ——— to Mr. Womack, a little bit of skiing ability; to Mr. Lanier, a quote: "De Blanc You blank blank liar Get the blank out of here"; to Mr. Herring, one demerit for "discoing"; and last, to all juniors to be seniors, a good time struggling through one more year.

I, Douglas Crawford Derryberry, being of sound mind, leave my pole-vaulting pole to Mr. Drake to punish anyone he wishes, my big mouth, and my thanks for keeping legs moving; to Kirk Porter, I leave my ability of keeping caught by the police while parking in the park after 11:00 p.m.; to Kelly Shackelford, I leave a pair of "jet-propelled" track shoes and lots of luck in next year's fat man's relay; to Scott Richardson, I leave my ability of existing; to Mr. Caldwell, I leave at least one "painless" Friday. Finally, I leave to Mrs. Lowry my gratitude for teaching me more about life in a classroom than I will ever learn in the rest of my life.

I, Jim Edwards, being of sound mind and senior slide body, do hereby bequeath the following to Kris "What-were-you-doing-on-the-beach?-earl-duke" Klausner, Scott "Where if you spend the night—Oh, Hi Cindy Diamond Ring" Tune, and Johnny "The Wad-Trash Man-Let's go Skiing" Wagster, a night in the Tango Lounge in Tampa with a free coupon for all-you-can-eat; to M-Mark Hastings, a copy of "How Not to Sutter" by Mel Tillis and Steve Hall; to Dr. Crowell a rug; to Jim "Jethro" Tully, a copy of *How to Stay Out All Night*; to Bill Claunch, a picture of his grandmother whom I have never seen but is supposedly young and attractive; to Slick, I leave my membership in "Beer Butts of America." I leave the entire St. Cecilia Jr. Class to anyone foolish enough to go out with a St. Cecilia girl (except Ruthann—you thought I'd forget); to Sambo "Zeller" Harwell, a fun play practice and a date with a senior (you know who); to Charlie Collins, a tin of Skoal in the weight room; to Jody Lentz, I leave the guitar lessons he desperately needs but thinks he doesn't; to Mrs. Lowry I leave a 72 on a Hamlet poster; I leave my Vega (not that bad of a car) to the multitudes to which I have given rides; and, finally, I leave for the War Eagle in L.A.—(Lower Alabama)

I, Frank Giardina, Jr., being of sound mind and body, hereby request that Mrs. Lowry's styrofoam drinking cup be bronzed and set back in the window sill of W-2 as a tribute to her.

I, Scott Glasgow, being of sound mind and light body, do hereby leave the following: to Chris "The Duke" Klausner, many happy evenings with Earle and all his buddies; to Johnny Wad Wagster and Scott "Diamond" Tune, a gallon jug to use for my purpose while crossing the St. Pete causeway; to David Edwards, his brother's jelly belly; to anyone who feels worthy, an honorary membership to the Non-Hannoid Ski Club; to anyone who can handle it, I leave apartment life as a senior; to all future MBA students, I leave a fair demerit system; and for a friend I leave Mrs. Lowry a 72 she gave him on his Hamlet Poster with his blessing; and finally I leave Nashville as I head for sunny Florida.

I, Stephen J. Gibbs, having both a mind and a body, do hereby leave the following: to Mr. Herring, the New York Times bestseller, *The Treaty of Kuchuk Kanarji*; *Miracle or Myth* to Paul Schuler, my superstar potential; to Dr. Fairbairn, a set of oversized Geranimals; and finally, to Ms. M. I leave a pen in hand and a frown on face.

I, Andrew Gill, being of superior intellect and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jody Lentz, a copy of my "Big Note Guitar Songbook" for his future concerts; to Tom Higgins, I leave my 10 gallon jar of handcleaner to douse over his entire body; to Garrett Fulton, my official P.R. sunglasses; to John Hitt, I leave my notes on "How to Pick up Girls over 14 and Still be a Rookie"; to Rick Sullivan, I leave Anderson Spickard; to David Shanks, I leave my morning meditation to use in chapel; to Allen Carden, I leave my *Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions* for his further study to enrich his intellect; to Adam Freeman, I leave that junk heap sitting in my driveway; and to the class of 1981, I leave those left from the class of 1980—and hopefully another prom.

I, Chip Grimes, being of unsound mind and body do bequeath the following: to Mr. Poston, five demerits for assaulting the students with low quality humor; to Mr. Womack, a copy of *Paint By Numbers, Vol. II* and to Pat Hollahan and Terence Falls, I leave my car because I know they have a great attachment to it.

I, James Thomas Griscom II, leave MBA after six years of blood, sweat and guts. First, I leave Belly Rofe my uncanny ability to choke in track meets and my infamous and under-rated Lacoste "Izod" shirts, my \$250 Oxford Shop suits, my \$70 Johnson and Murphy shoes, and my yellow pants; to Kelly Shackelford, I leave the fact that he will never bench press as much as I can; to Steve Howell, a friend; to Hartley Hall, Wagster and Daniels, a dip; to Slick, 20 pounds to put on his massive frame; to Garrett Fulton, a fifth of "O proof" homogenized milk; to Mark Garfinkel, my little brother, a hug; to Rob Lineberger, "Nice probiscus, Guy"; to Mark Ferguson, a 1st period library sheet and a rock 106 "crank it up" sound check; to Ken Nichols, a broken Steve Martin record so he can talk along; to Ruby, my 7th period companionship; to Walt Conn, a new voice; to Ron, a free pass to Monty's "Let's make a deal"; to Don Fairbairn, a gallon of skin-lube to use in whichever way he desires; to Mark Peffen, my mean look and my intimidation tactics; to Bobby Khan, my natural tan; to Mr. Bondurant, "a good day." Finally, I leave Mr. Caldwell a green rules infractor star to put where ever he wants.

I, Steve, Hall, being of sound mind and a long and thin body, do hereby leave to Mrs. Hollins, a red folder; to Michael Crist, two sheets of notebook paper to pay back for the one I used last October; to Mr. Pruitt, Mr. Compton, and Mr. Drake, my Strider's Race Notices, my *Computerized Running Programs* book, my table of wind resistance factors on running, and a map to Mr. Drake's house; to Allen Moore, another copy of *Computerized Running Programs* to Adam Freeman, a fuel-efficient, four-cylinder engine for his Mustang; and to Jim Harrison, some Dramamine.

I, Christopher T. Hannon, being of pitiful body (so they tell me) and decayed mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to any MBA student venturing to Ft. Lauderdale over spring break, Trader Jack's from 4 to 6 and the ability to stay out of closed bars at 3:30 a.m. to avoid police confrontations; to Tim Ford and the golf team, six pack of Coke to enjoy after every match; to Dr. F., the hope that he can complete one round of golf without cheating; to Oscar, thanks for a great evening (I think); to Ronnie, thanks for starting the weekends off right and keeping them that way; to next year's tennis team an application for entrance into the Rotary Tennis Tournament and a good night's sleep the night before matches start; to M.S. and J.R. a high degree of thanks for getting me through the year; but especially to the Hill, thanks for many good times, good friends, and a diploma (which did not come easy).

I, Jay Hardcastle, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave: to Dr. Skena and Mr. Drake, copies of their won autobiographies, "Machismo and Me: The Italian Gigolo" and "I am the Greatest" respectively; to Rob Daugherty, an instruction manual entitled "How to Stand Up at Oh Calcutta" without Embarrassment; to Jack Coombs and George Chelji, a copy each of "Hotel Etiquette and Knock Before You Enter;" to Mrs. Lowry, 273 pages of barely readable dittoed handouts, great for framing or making paper airplanes, so to speak; to Dr. Fairbairn, a suit, which unlike any of his others, contains no fluorescent plastics; to Mrs. Garriot, a \$10,000 student loan deficit; to Ed Brown, a brick wall and a boxing glove, to Kevin Drury a manual entitled "Acting Without Getting into Character;" to Jordan Asher, a shirt without disgusting slogans; to Drew Moore, a book entitled "Cast Parties: My Greatest Sin," and a great future with MBA.

I, Barry Heller, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following articles to the following people: (1) My favorite copy of "How I Learned to use Whips and Chains" to Coach Lanier; (2) My scales of glory I take with me; (3) My love to Larkin Oates; and (4) My hatred of the color red to the administration and faculty.

I, Bill Herbert, leave Jim Russell two doe and all the venison sandwiches and fish bait he can use. To Whitfield Hamilton I hereby take away my bow and leave a single arrow and my football position. To Brad McKinney I dedicate the month of August to practice recovering fumbles and to Mike Corwin my lost position in Spanish IV.

I, Randy Henderson, do hereby give the many skills and talents MBA has given to me back to several MBA students who will undoubtedly need them next year. To Wade Smith, I leave all my ability to move quickly from the snap so that the two hundred pound nosequard never discovers you only weigh 160 pounds and would probably break if when you trip him he happened to land on you. To Steve Hines, I leave my "badguy" reputation as Honor Council president in hopes that he can somehow change the over-population belief avowed by Scott Tune that no one likes the Honor Council President. To Mike Anderson, I would leave all my patience in dealing with an annual staff of temperamental photographers and procrastinating

sports writers, but I have not got any left. To some future senior, I leave my cafeteria food serving ability (and I apologize for never giving Brad McKinney a decent comdog). To my little brother, I leave all Mrs. Lowry ever taught me in hopes that he will somehow pass Mrs. Bowen's English.

Finally, I leave the MBA student body the ability to appreciate a school which has been such an integral part of my life for the last six years. Despite the hardships of MBA life, the people, the teachers, and the coaches made my stay on the Hill more than worthwhile.

I, Joe B. Hymel, being of crazed mind and injured body, do hereby leave: to Mr. Drake, a good distance runner incapable of being hurt; to Ken Nichols, my injured two-season-off senior year; to Mr. Bondurant, a lunch held high and twelve demerits; to Blake Strayhorn, a girl who wants to get involved and is not already; to next year's cheerleaders, a wild time at cheerleading camp with three-hundred girl cheerleaders; and finally to MBA a comment: —

...that time is the fire in which we burn.

This is the school in which we learn...

What is the self amid this blaze?
What am I now that I was then
Which I shall suffer and act again...

I, Jim Johnson, being of sound mind and surfboard body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Kris Klausner and Anderson Spickard I leave the title of being number one; to Coach Pruitt, a new vocabulary that does not include "hero" or "macho"; to Ken Nichols, my extreme hatred for track; to Mr. Poston, a bus ticket to Chattanooga; and finally, to Billy Rofe, one week's free lessons at Kelly Lyn figure salons.

I, Robert Jones, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave MBA, having given one pint of blood to the Red Cross and about six or seven (one for each theme) to Mrs. Lowry. I leave Mr. Poston with the sincere regret that spring was always my worst season for tennis. I leave to Fletcher Lance a tube of Ben-Gay to put on his arm; to Pen Caldwell, full clean-up and spring opening at H.C.C.; to next year's copy staff editor, I leave the pleasure of dealing with next year's frantic annual editor and next year's only semi-competent copy staff. I leave Mr. Bondurant with the hope that he can continue tradition at MBA and make his adjustments now that I am out and MBA with the sincere appreciation for what it stands for and what it has given me.

I, Lawrence Neil Klein, alias Mr. Red or I.K., being of semi-sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Jody Lentz, my Big Red Spirit; to Steve Howell, my entire Dr. Demento collection if he can bare it; to Mr. Poston, all my tennis advice and, to the tennis team, my ability to argue line calls behind the wall; to David Edwards, my last name; to Mr. Gaither, I leave my football coaching. I leave all my expressions borrowed from David Pack to any junior school students with the hope that they will expand upon them. I leave Mark Garfinkle with the presidency of the F.J.A., and I leave Michael Fabian all my tennis dedication. To Hunt Warner I leave my basketball coaching and tennis ability with the hope that he will gain

a little confidence and build up his ego. To Robin Henderson, I leave a Billy "White shoes" touchdown dance, and to Sterling Gray, I leave my best wishes for a great future. I leave Mr. Rick Carter with my ideas for MBA stickers. Finally I leave MBA with a sincere respect for the school and most of all a deep sense of pride that "Mr. Red" leaves now, but "I shall return."

I, Joseph McCarty Knight, being of a hallucinogenic state, do hereby bequeath these most prized possessions and thoughts: a half-page biography supplement to Josh May to do with whatever he wants; my nickname "Plastic Man" to Randy Tibbitt; my Judy Garland record "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie" to Rob Daugherty; the "anged lizards on my clock-radio to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of England; my definitions of "theocodents" and other useful terms to next year's AP biology students; all my Doonesbury quotes and my rock'n' roll puns to Andy Nelson; my "car diagrams" to Mr. Drake; the two calculators, three jackets, assorted gloves, six textbooks, and a pair of glasses to the MBA campus, which still retains them somewhere in its dark depths; and to the school as a whole, the thought of my past four years being the most growing and productive years I shall ever encounter. ("Growing" should not be taken in a physical sense.)

I, Floyd Morris Lewis, being of sound body and questionably sound mind, do hereby declare this to be my last will and testament. Since it has taken me many years to acquire all the worldly wealth I possess, I have no intention of giving any of it away, but there are a few positions that need to be filled. To Matt Dolloff, I bequeath my position as "Leader" of the Chess Club. Good luck, Matt, you'll need it. To Bobby Khan, I leave the 2nd period gambling racket with the hopes that he will find some other unlucky jerk to fill my place. Finally, my most important and prestigious position, that of after-lunch chess commentator and kibitzer, to Ted Carver. I know he will do a better job than I since Ted never does anything less than perfectly. All the rest, I keep for myself as just reward for surviving for six years.

I, Owen Lipscomb, being of sound mind and sound body would like to take this chance to leave some thanks. I leave thanks to all of my teachers, past and present, who have so patiently gotten me through the school. I leave thanks to all coaches who have had the sometimes misfortune of having me on their team. I wish to leave special thanks to Coaches Owen, Gideon, Lemahan, Jefferson and Elliot, who taught me something about winning and in the process a whole lot more. Also I leave thanks to the whole MBA system and tradition for putting up with me and instilling a pride in myself like that of the school itself. Finally, I leave Montgomery Bell Academy six years older than when I started and hopefully a little bit more of a person.

I, Russell Wade McDonald, being hyper and crude, leave the following: to Kris Klausner, a fun night in Florida with L.P.; to Scott Tune, the honorable name of "Homo;" to Johnny Wagster, a few inches of which he is in great need; to Coach Niemeyer, a dozen eggs; to Tom DiVittorio, the Spanish I medal; to

Mr. Bennett, my inactive position of sixth man on the basketball team; to Ken Nichols, the T-wave and any other abuse to use on all opposing teams; to Coach Gideon, a player named Joe...Mama; to Joel Slaton, my ability to get "gie"; I leave Mrs. Garriot minus one son; to Chris Whitson, a ride to the Pearl game; to Jack Coombs, a bottom; to Damon Anagnos, Oloff to mess up his rug; to David Molesworth, an ID; to Bob Calton, a marriage license for him and MEJ; to Phillip Altenbern, a 26 year old date for the afternoon of his choice; to Ricky Bowers, JB—he can have her; to Mr. Hoyle, nothing since he left me nothing. Finally, I leave with a good taste in my mouth searching for an even better one at college. See ya—

I, Trey McPherson, being of reasonably unsound mind and over-trilled body do bequeath the following: to Jody Lentz, I leave six Grovers, a set of Jean Markleys, and a Leu Quon gift certificate; to Dob, I leave unbreakable fingers and a busy signal for when nature calls at the last minute; to David Tune, I leave the strength to play an endless drum solo so we can tune up; to PB and PB, I leave an all expense paid trip to L.A.; to Houde, I leave a popcorn machine; to Mr. Womack, I leave a chunk of marble and a completed project; to Tully, I leave a piece of LeBeau's fried chicken; to Union Jack, I leave a bass and drums so they can have their own; to Glenn, I leave THC; to Ayers, I leave a wax buffer; I leave Rock and Roll to anyone who really deserves it (very few of you); to Andy Gill, I leave duct tape for his distributor so he won't stall crossing Richland Creek; to my A driver, I leave a map; to the MBA Music Department, I leave what you gave me???; to anyone who think s they can do it, I leave the challenge to follow me on the trails.

I, David Molesworth, being of sound mind and somewhat short body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Tripp and Alley, the desire in wrestling which made me the champion that I am today; to Coach Williams, one da good wrestler; to Coach Jefferson, one fair tryout to dispose of in whatever way he sees fit; I leave Disco, Doc, and Fish to themselves; I leave my deep appreciation to Mr. Drake and Mrs. Carter for being fair. Finally, I leave this place hoping it has been worth all the trouble since that is what they told me all along.

I, Tom Moore, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave MBA with many fond memories that I would not trade for anything in the world. I leave "Slick" with the satisfaction of being the champion of "dunk horse." To Scott Tune and Kris Klausner I leave an autographed picture of Ricky Bowers. To Mr. Herring I leave a bottle of No-Doze and three demerits for his unfortunate students. I leave Walt Conn and Pat Hollahan to each other. To Ken Downey and Hank Edwards I leave the Sarritt Pool Championship. To Scott Tune, I leave the impossible task of throwing to a 5 foot 4 inch midjet split end; to Clay Young and

Bobby Morales, I leave a big fishing net to catch fly balls in. To Mr. Caldwell, I leave the hope of winning a freshman football game. To Allen Carden, I leave a blocking dummy to hold for next year's football practice. I leave Rob Lineberger a Jimmy Griscom neck brace. I leave ties, jocks, and magic markers. To Hartley Hall, I leave a 15 yard penalty for roughing the passer. I leave Coach Gideon a "thank you" for his valuable advice in basketball. Finally, to the 1980 Big Red Football Team, I leave the privilege of being able to play against Tim Clem again.

I, J.D. "Skeeter" Moyers, being of sound mind and mediocre standing in school society, leave to Mike "Loser" Lows the only thing that I can, his name in the newspaper.

I, Andy Nelson, being of sound mind and slight body, do hereby leave my talent for terrible puns to whoever is stupid enough to take it. I leave to next year's AP American History Class my copy of Mr. Drake's "Definitions by Which Everything is Shown." I leave Mrs. Lowry an eternal flame, fueled by hand-outs, so to speak. I leave Dr. Fairbairn a copy of the bestseller "F: The Bloch Function" and a year's supply of geranial tags. I leave Dr. Skena a spare copy of "How to Impress Friends and Bull Students." To Dr. Crowell, I leave a CIA report on Damon Anagnos's social life and a copy of "1001 More Greek Jokes." I leave my skill, at throwing a frisbee to Mr. Womack. I leave my affinity for injuries just before the first wrestling match of my senior year to Johnny Wagster.

I, David Pack, do hereby leave MBA and the following: to Mike Johnson, I leave Tim Clem and a finesse block; to Scott Tune, I leave a mosquito net; to Mr. Caldwell, a package of Sizzlean bacon; to Kris Klausner, I leave a bottle of ink and a blank sheet of newspaper so he can see his name in print; to George Smith I leave No. 82; to Shack, I leave some stilts and a pair of Burlington game grippers; to Anderson Spickard, I leave Rick Sullivan; to Mr. Elliot, I leave my autographed poster of Maurice Cheeks; to Mr. Poston, I do hereby leave McConnell, Whiteaker, and my 6-5, 3-2 tennis victory; to Ken Downey and Grannyman, I leave my pool ability and a pool alliance; to Frank Downey, in case you read this, I leave a jar of honey for your closet; to Johnny Wagster, some policemen (I hope you feel well next year); to Coach Bennett, I do hereby leave Jack Gaines, Tom Cannon, Bubba, and the lack of favoritism you showed. To Mr. Gideon, I leave power; to Garrett Fulton and Brad McKinney I leave Ronnie Moon, Troy Dunnam, and another green wave. To Wade Smith I leave DLC and CLHS; to Rob Lineberger, I leave a Jimmy Griscom wig and Jim Posiet blocking skills; to Clay Young, a

box of crayons to color your car. Finally, I leave MBA with many fond memories and a deep and sincere thanks to Coach Owen for all he has done for me.

I, David Peterseim, being of sound mind and body (minus one ankle and one hip) do hereby leave: my Hamlet book to Mrs. Lowry; and set of leather and chrome embossed sundry devices to Dr. "Cruel"; the promise of destroying my notes on grubbing to Dr. Fairbairn; a set of twenty sit ups to Coach Lanier; a book on How to Stay Perfect to Mike Anderson with the understanding he will loan it to Scott Tune; a box of NO-DOZ to Pen Caldwell; a brain to Joe Bryan; my best wishes to Don Brothers; nothing, appropriately, to Chuck Ford; the title of Dealer Amongst Dealers to Don Fairbairn for his expertise in taping ankles; my position on the alphabet kids to Jody Lentz.

I, Nathan Phillips, being of nos mind and nos body do hereby leave: to Clay Young, my baseball glove and some glue to catch pop flies; to Wade Smith, an ability to turn a double play; to Kris Klausner, a couple inches of my height so he can finally be seen in the outfield; to Coach Elliott, a Pink Floyd album; to Mr. Caldwell, a fist in the sky; to Coach Owens, a pair of red-striped socks for a picture and some new boots; to Mrs. Lowry, Bill and a winning season for the Shakespeareans; to Mr. What-you-know-poo (ston), some ball-chains for his tennis players.

I, David Puett, being of sound mind and questionable body, do hereby leave the following: to Mr. Drake, one ounce of confidence and a book entitled Everything You Wanted to Know About Dates Spanish Conquistadores, and Richard Nixon to Ian Jones, a free lesson on how to score bicycle style without breaking your back; and finally, to Coach Lanier, (considering who the soccer team is losing) the best of luck next year—he'll need it.

I, Russell Regen, having no mind after seven years and no body after four years of football and three years of wrestling, hereby leave the following: to Johnny Wagster, my seven year plan to graduate; to Billy Rolfe, my ability to maneuver in the open field; to Mark Garfinkle, both my position on the fat man's relay team and a comic strip character in Peanuts (I originated the idea for a comic strip character and David Molesworth usurped it from me); to Kelly Shackelford, my legs because his are as about long as Molesworth's; and I leave the 1980 football team my best wishes and hopes for a good season. You have

got to remember: Coach Owen is the best coach in Nashville, but everyone on the team has to be totally dedicated to the sport of football for MBA to be the best, like we are now.

I, Jeffrey Karl Robinson, being of sound mind and body, do first and foremost bequeath to any student in Mr. Herring's American History Course a pair of effective ear plugs. Next I leave to Penn Caldwell my propensity for getting rated by Julian. I leave the ridiculous number of useless ten minute assemblies with the happy thought of knowing I will have to hear them no more. I leave to Joe Bryan my love of schoolwork and study. And finally I leave MBA with great expectations for many lessons learned not only in class but in life.

I, Mark Smith, leave MBA in search of wildness and women, neither of which can be found here.

I, Blake Strayhorn, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Bo Adams, I leave an endless supply or at least one satisfactory date to next year's Harpeth Hall prom; to next year's cheerleaders, I leave Jody Lentz to carry on the tradition of experienced cheerleaders; to John Calton, I leave my near flawless demerit sheet for him to fill up in one week; to Mr. Drake's A.P. History class, I leave my History Book (I think it's red and white) hoping that all will share it, and one copy of my essay "How to Take Notes;" to Mom (in the office) I leave a bushel of apples; to Coach Owen, I leave my thanks for memories of a great football season; and finally, to MBA, I leave my sincere appreciation for four good years.

I, Greg Stroup, being of sound mind and rather puny body, do hereby leave my imposing physical presence to Mr. Drake. In addition I leave to Rob Daugherty \$65 in traveller's checks in hopes that he will avoid future N.Y. subway encounters. I also bequeath to Scott Campbell an Asiatic version of the popular movie "American Gigolo." For Mr. Bondurant, I provide a \$300 bank deposit and an eternal IOU for persuading UNC to take me. Last but not least, I leave MBA with fond memories of my experiences while here and with eager anticipation of new and different experiences to come.

I, Sloan Warner, being of sound mind and usually sober body, do leave Carnegie's book How to Win Friends and Influence Enemies to Craig Franklin; and a complete

pronunciation guide of the word "idea" to Dr. Fairbairn.

I, Timothy Lee Warnock, being of sound mind and five foot seven inch body, leave MBA with an intense fear and loathing of all dishonesty and conduct considered unbecoming a gentleman, which has been instilled in me at this pillar of virtue. I leave with a deep respect for all those teachers who enhanced my stay, thank you. I leave the sport of wrestling to anyone who has the ability not to eat, to practice in a 90 degree room while wearing a rubber suit, to tangle with creatures from parts unknown, and to worry about life's little problems—all at the same time. I leave next year's team to Johnny Wagster, with hopes that his pre-district tournament pep talk will not result in three-fourths of the team losing their first match. I leave my scholarly appearance, since I don't look like a wrestler, to Mark Garfinkle and my techniques that defy the laws of physics to Don Brothers. I leave Bill Ciaumch alone, knowing that he will someday win that state championship I wanted so badly, with explicit instructions to the coaches of the NIL not to give the Banner hex. To Mark Peffen, I leave the job of sports editor of this heralded publication. To Ed Brown, I leave my infinite wisdom on human relations, only to be exercised after 3 a.m. over a pool table at Frank's. I know I promised an acting career as illustrious as mine to someone, but since I don't remember who, I'll just wait with the satisfaction of knowing I can re-enter in another act after a minor costume change. To David Edwards I leave the eternal question, "Did you have to tie him up to make him listen?" Finally since "the remainder of my stay at MBA" comes to an end, I leave everyone with this tidbit of advice, "Keep a low profile and you'll go places, maybe not fast, but you'll go places."

I, Chris Whitson, being of funny hair and skinny legs, leave Dr. Fairbairn's class after two straight years; Mrs. Garriot, Martha's number (so she will know where to find me when I'm absent from school), still promising that Rusty and I were not the ones who egged Niemeyer; to Johnny Wagster, the hope that he will fulfill his desire on the lawn; to Mary Richardson, a deep Southern accent; to David Molesworth, the hope he will not be mistaken for a junior scholar for the rest of his life; begging Slick for forgiveness about being a two timer; with thanks to Mama Hollins for often helping me with my low life; to Anderson Spickard and Hartley Hall to look after Martha Evers (that could be a mistake in whom to trust); my position as Chairman of the Board of the pitch your lunch bunch to Mr. Drake; and finally I leave MBA with the utmost respect and love.

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Canoeists fight the Hiwassee River.

Heart Returns to Nashville

By JOHN HITT

As the lights fell in the Municipal Auditorium on Thursday, May 8, the capacity crowd of spectators immediately burst forth in a frenzied, spontaneous roar of appreciation. Suddenly, the reason for all this wonderful madness blazed forth in a triumphant explosion of musical mastery. Heart had returned to Nashville.

Guitarist Nancy Wilson led the group into a flawless performance of "Bebe Le Strange," the hit title track off their latest album. Joining Nancy was the lead vocalist, her sister Ann Wilson, whose high voice

soared above the hard rock foundation laid by the other band members.

Lead guitarist Howard Leese smoothly blended his notes into an exciting roar while drummer Michael Derossier pounded his drums in a fashion similar to that of trend-setting John Bonham.

During the concert, Heart mixed frenzied rock tunes with soft, sweet acoustical melodies as they displayed the musical prowess which has created a myriad of followers. The band's expertise was revealed through their performances of "Crazy on You," "Even It Up," "Magic Man," and "Barracuda."



Wrestling cheerleaders for 79-80: bottom-C. Hinshaw, L. Richardson, S. McAdams, K. Wellman; top-M. Richardson, R. Dotts, S. Richardson.

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Junior High Golf Looks to 1981

By BRAD McKINNEY

Despite their failure to obtain victory, the junior high golf team's season was not without its bright spots.

While suffering heartbreaking defeats to Ryan and BGA, several of the team members played well individually. Playing first and second during the season were French McKnight and Runcie Clements. The junior high team was composed of McKnight, Clements, Hal Andrews, John Weisiger, and Alan Lindsey. With most of this year's players returning, the 1981 junior high golf team should be very successful. Several of the players should be able to make valuable contributions to the varsity golf team in the future.

Outing Club Tackles Hiwassee

By BARRY STREET

It was 12 weeks after the never-to-be-forgotten ski trip to Wolf Laurel, and once again the adventure spirit of the members of the outing club was aroused. We were offered a chance to canoe the Hiwassee River. We who had tackled the Ocoee in the fall of 1979 were not too sure about doing it in a canoe but were finally convinced that the Hiwassee was a very easy river and that we would be instructed by very competent instructors from the TSRA, Tennessee Scenic River Association.

Departure to Be a Hit

By TOM WOOD

The latest offering from Journey is *Departure*, an album apparently destined to follow *Evolution* and *Infinity* as the group's third consecutive platinum collection. This success follows the addition of vocalist Steve Perry. Again Journey gives us a killer cut, "Any Way You Want It," which like last year's "Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'," is being played beyond recognition by A.M. radio. Also receiving considerable attention are "Where Were You" and "Stay A While." Another highlight of the album is "Walk Like a Lady," a fundamental rhythm and blues number which is a refreshing change of pace from the heavy metal embellishment, sometimes overdone in Journey's work. "Line of Fire" boasts some of the album's finest raucous riffs, while "Homemade Love" also features some hot guitar work and showcases Steve Smith's drums. Those who are into total cacophony will enjoy "I'm Cryin'," one of seven songs packed into side two of *Departure*. The album mellows out with the title cut, a brief instrumental piece, followed by "Good Morning Girl" and "Stay A While." The last three songs of side one, "Someday Soon," "People and Places," and "Precious Time," primarily feature complex vocal harmonies set to a slower tempo.

Overall, *Departure* seems more artificial and less enthusiastic than Journey's other two most recent efforts; all the lyrics are rather meaningless and heterogeneous, and the album seems to cater more to the A.M. stations with its brief songs. Nonetheless, if you liked *Evolution* and *Infinity*, you should like *Departure*.

This trip was to cost all of \$8.00 (This price did not include food because Mr. Womack decided that we could bring our own) and was to take three days.

On Wednesday, May 7, we novices attended a training session from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. in which we were familiarized with the equipment we would be using. Dr. and Mrs. Jones did an excellent job with the instruction and we soon were mentally prepared to hit the water.

On Friday, May 9, at 2:30 p.m., the 12 adventurers assembled in the art room and loaded up the canoes and supplies in order to leave by 3:00 p.m. After approximately an hour and a half of driving we stopped at a small lake where we were taught some basic strokes in the calm water. An hour later, satisfied with our new-found knowledge, we loaded the boats back on the trailer and sat down to eat our dinners. After dinner we drove approximately two hours until we arrived at the Gee Creek Campgrounds at about 10:00 p.m.

Saturday, May 8, all were up and diligently preparing breakfast and it was obvious that all were excited about getting on the river. At 9:30 a.m. we started for the river to arrive there at 10:00 a.m. After another half-hour instruction session, we finally reached the water. Our first

maneuver was the "ferric" which all learned quickly and found later on that it was a very useful maneuver on the water.

Speaking of water, it was in the mid to high 40's in fahrenheit degrees and there was no one who particularly wanted to fall in, but everyone entered the water at one point or another.

Saturday, we were basically guided down the river by Mr. and Mrs. Jones and few boats overturned and on Sunday we were free to run the river on our own. Obviously there were a great many more spills on Sunday because everyone was trying new maneuvers, and we were told that these spills were to be expected, but it was cold. Sunday afternoon, we had become quite used to rescuing overturned boats and waterlogged people and we were definitely no longer afraid of the river.

Upon reaching our destination on Sunday, we upperclassmen got out of the water and watched the underclassmen have a mud and water fight. Boy, was that entertaining. We then loaded up the boats and headed for home. We drove to Chattanooga and ate at "Dufey's," a smorgasbord; and then we drove straight back to MBA, arriving at 11:00.

Monday morning saw 12 very tired "adventurers" arriving at school just in time to enter another exciting week at MBA.



Don Fairbairn sinks putt to clinch new lowest MBA total golf score.

Varsity Golf Second in State

By DON FAIRBAIRN

The varsity golf team has completed its most successful season in recent years, finishing the regular season with a match record of 25-3, winning the District and Regional Tournaments, and finishing second in the State Tournament.

Late in the year, the team set a new school record in the match against Ryan, shooting a two over par 146 to break the old record of seven years standing by one stroke. Leading this accomplishment was David Ingram, who fired a two under par 34 at McCabe Golf Course.

This record did not stand long, however, as the team reached peak form in the District Tournament and carded a 142-141 on two trips around McCabe's North nine for a total of 283, five under par, a new NIL record. Individually in the

tournament, Tim Ford shot a four under par 68 to capture first place, and David Ingram fired a 69 to place second. Also playing well were Wes Roberts, who shot a 71 to finish third individually, and David Williamson, who placed fourth with a 75.

In the Regional Tournament at Nashboro Village Golf Club, the golf team faced two of the teams which had defeated them during the regular season: Hendersonville and Franklin. Light rain showers and high winds made playing conditions very difficult, but the Big Red overcame the elements to capture the team title by six strokes over second place Franklin. David Ingram paced them with a round of 77, which earned him third place individually.

The golf team entered the State Tournament with an excellent chance to win the State Championship, but a brilliant

performance by Tullahoma and some poor putting throughout the tournament dashed the team's hopes for victory. MBA shot a total of 622 at Buford-Elington Golf Course at Henry Horton State Park, good enough for second place, seven strokes behind State Champion Tullahoma. David Ingram again led the Big Red, shooting 78-73 to capture sixth place in the tournament individually. David Williamson also played well, firing rounds of 76 and 77 to finish ninth individually.

This year marks the first time that an MBA has won the Regional Tournament since 1973. Although the State Championship has eluded the team's grasp, all of the top players are returning next year, and the ultimate goal of a State Championship should be within the grasp of the 1981 team.

Varsity Track Finishes Strong

By JOHN McALLISTER

Optimist Invitational Track Meet

On April 26, the MBA track team participated in the Optimist Track Meet at Overton. Their few bright spots for the team included a fourth place finish by the two mile relay team of Nichols, Spickard, Campbell and Derryberry, with a time of 8:24.0. The mile relay team of Derryberry, Calton, Johnson and Whitson placed fifth with a time of 3:29.9. Owen Lipscomb placed sixth in the discus with a throw of 132'11".

Banner Relays

The following weekend, the team participated in the Banner Relays at McGavock. Strong performances

were turned in by Damon Anagnos, who threw the discus 136'2" to place third and the shot 46'2" to place fifth. Doug Derryberry took fourth in the pole vault with a vault of 12 feet and Chris Whitson managed to run a 52.2 440-yard dash, good for fourth place. The duo of Hancock and Spickard placed fifth and sixth respectively in the two mile run. Derryberry placed sixth in the 880, and the two mile relay team also placed sixth.

Regional Meet

The Regional Meet was MBA's best effort in any of the large meets, placing fifth overall. The team was led by Damon Anagnos' outstanding performances in the discus and the shot. By throwing the discus 164'7",

Anagnos won the region and set a new personal record, school record, and regional record. He also advanced to the state in the shot by placing second with a throw of 47'11". Griscom threw the shot 46'6" to place fourth. Freshmen Alan Moore ran a 4:30.5 mile to earn second place and earn his way to the state. Kirk Porter placed fourth in the high jump, followed by Derryberry, who placed sixth. Derryberry also placed fourth in the pole vault with a vault of 12'0". Art Hancock ran 10:09.1 in the two mile, his fastest time of the season, good for fourth place. The relay teams ran excellent in this meet. The surprising 440 yard relay team placed fifth place with a 45.2. Both the mile relay team and the two mile relay team ran well as they each finished in fourth place.



Allen Moore runs a 4:38 mile in the 1980 state meet.



With a tough grimace, Ken Downey prepares to throw ball to first base.



David Puett controls the ball against Opponent.

Soccer Team Finishes 7-4

By ADAM WIECK

The varsity soccer team went into the latter part of the season with a 4-3 record and finished 7-4. The Big Red's 8th match of the season put them up against Baylor. Baylor was undefeated at the time and killed the Big Red 5-0. Baylor eventually went on to win the state championship. Playing well for MBA was Joe Bryan who was picked as one of the top four players by the referees.

The next week the varsity team played Franklin Road Academy and defeated them 3-0. David Puett and Scotty Wallace played excellent for

the Big Red. A few days later they played Overton. With about 2 minutes left in the game the score was 0-0. Then Joe Bryan took a 30-yard shot which bounced off the post. Ian Jones rebounded the shot for a goal. Out of the top four players Adam Wieck got rated second and Scotty Wallace fourth.

That next Tuesday the Varsity team had its last regular season game. They played Franklin County High School at Howard School. The game was scoreless for most of the game until the final minutes when Scotty Wallace scored on a free kick with just minutes to play which left the Red with a 1-0 victory.

Varsity Baseball Second in District

By WADE SMITH

After completing the regular season with a record of 7-8, the varsity baseball team entered the District Tournament fourth seeded, but emerged with a second place finish behind defending state champion Antioch.

The baseball team defeated Pearl in the first game, 9-4. Ricky Bowers pitched an excellent game and Tom DiVittorio (with three hits), David Pack, Wade Smith, and Tom Moore led the hitting. The Big Red then faced Antioch and pitcher Tommy

Bolton. The team played sloppily in the field and lost 10-0. The Big Red then fought back in the losers' bracket of the tournament and earned a hard fought victory over Ryan by a score of 8-7. The team was led offensively by Moore and Bowers.

The team next faced Overton for the finals of the losers bracket. MBA won 5-3 as Shawn Menke and Kris Klausner pitched a great game. Moore, Bowers, and Smith all had two hits. Because of their courageous comeback, MBA advanced to the finals of the district

tournament to face Antioch. The team again could do little at the plate against Tommy Bolton, and the Big Red lost 10-1.

The team was led all year by Tom Moore (.383), David Pack (.288), and Ricky Bowers (.389) who was chosen on the All-NIL team. The team will vie for the district crown again next year with seven starters returning.

Microbe Track Performs Well

By BRAD MCKINNEY

The microbe track team fared reasonably well this year under the leadership of new coach Dan Herring. Running only in triangular meets, the team finished second in all but one meet.

Performing well consistently for the little red were Steve Rollins in the discus, the high jump, the long jump, and the 440 yd. run, Bill Tirrill in the 880 yd. run; Scott O'Neal in the shot put; and Brad Blevins in the mile relay. The microbe track team capped its season with a sixth place finish in the HVAC tournament. Pacing the little red in the field events were Scott O'Neal with a third place in the shot put and Steve Rollins with a second place in the discus throw. In the running finals of the HVAC tournament, Rollins placed fourth in the 440 yd. run, Bill Tirrill placed second in the 880 yd. run, and the mile relay team of Tirrill, O'Neal, Rollins and Blevins placed third. The members of this team should make significant contributions to the future of MBA track and field.

Microbe Baseball Ends 6-5

By BRAD MCKINNEY

The microbe baseball team ended its season with a respectable 6-5 record. Highlighting the season was a third place finish in the HVAC tournament. The team was sparked offensively by Scott Haley with a .483 batting average, Will Nowell with a .474 batting average and nineteen runs batted in, Brian Menke with a .391 batting average, and Sterling Gray with a .375 batting average. Carrying the pitching load were Nowell and John Morrissey. While posting a 3-3 record, Will Nowell struck out 74 batters in 40 innings. The fine performance by this year's team indicates their potential to make a significant contribution to the varsity baseball team in the coming years.

Tennis Team Wins Region

By TOM WOOD

This year's varsity tennis team has allayed any fears that MBA's tradition of winning tennis departed with David Templeton and Ross Evans, as the squad has overcome some adversity to end the regular season with only one match loss and capture the Region 6 title in both singles and doubles.

The team rebounded from an early season loss to Baylor to defeat a fine Brentwood Academy team, followed by wins over Memphis University School and defending state champion McCallie. A third place finish in the Chattanooga Rotary Tournament behind Baylor and McCallie proved costly, as the squad lost the services of several stellar players due to a curfew violation.

The rest of the netters rose to the occasion, however, surprising everyone by tying Brentwood for first place in the second annual Francis E. Carter, Jr. Memorial Tournament, thanks in part to the

performances of Jamie Houdeshell, David Miller, and Andrew Berry, who swept the number one, two, and three singles. The team did not lose a match in the absence of the suspended players, who returned in time for the District Tournament.

MBA's championship in the District 24 Tournament at Centennial propelled Houdeshell, district champ Harold DeBlanc, and Danny DeBlanc into the Regionals. The brothers DeBlanc progressed toward an inevitable confrontation in singles while together mowing down all doubles competition. The much-publicized fraternal battle came in the semi-finals, where Danny defeated his older brother Harold, who was troubled by an elbow ailment. Danny went on to defeat Goodpasture's Greg Chambers, 7-5, 6-3, for the championship. Harold took third place, so the successful duo will continue to compete in the State Tournament in singles and as a doubles team.



Harold DeBlanc prepares to return shot in regional tennis tournament.